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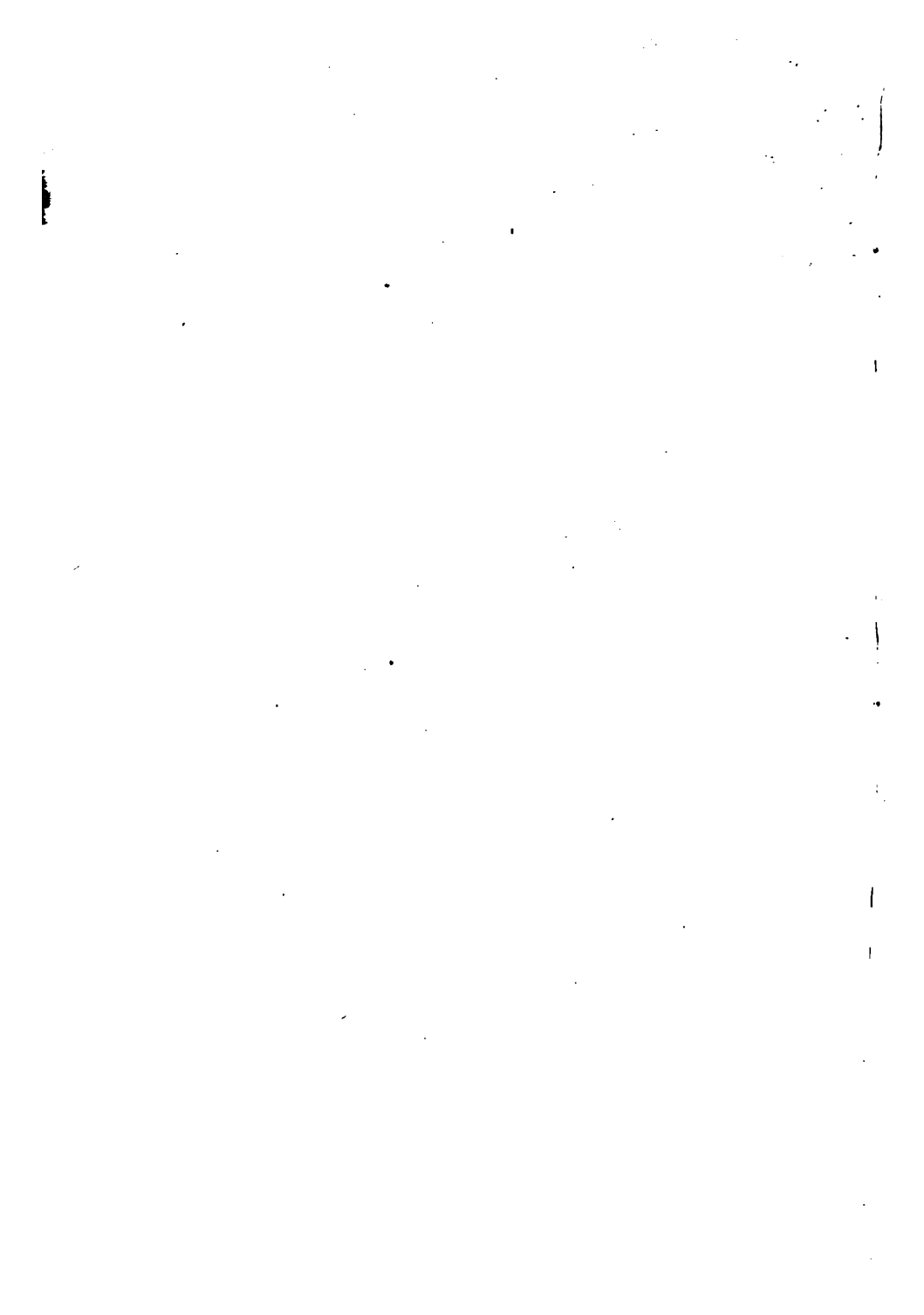
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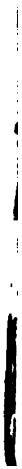
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Flash
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POEMS BY HENRY LYNDEN FLASH



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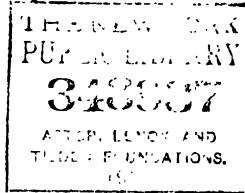
By

HENRY LYNDEN FLASH

New York and Washington
THE NEALE PUBLISHING COMPANY

1906

M.R.



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To
MY WIFE

* Publisher's Weekly

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[COPY.]

NEW YORK, *July 20th, 1905.*

COL. HARRY L. FLASH.

My dear friend: I have read with great pleasure the book of poems you are about to issue and which you have been kind enough to submit to my inspection. It is hard for me to realize that the enthusiastic young man who figured on my staff as a strenuous soldier of the Confederacy is now, like myself, passing the evening of life in a land much like that of his early days, where the oranges and magnolias and cypress and myrtle help to make life gracious and poetic. In your forthcoming volume appear many of the poems which you wrote as a mere boy and which made you a favorite poet of the South, and many of which received the cordial recognition of all sections. It must be a great delight to you that some of your efforts, almost before you reached man's estate, received the praise of men like N. P. Willis and General Morris in their famous "Home Journal."

My occupations have been those of business and practical affairs rather than to have to do with the strophes, iambics, and other machinery so familiar to you gentlemen of the poetical guild. But as many a man who knows nothing of music can enjoy an oratorio of Handel or an opera of

Wagner, I can say with truth that I have had much pleasure in reading your verse in all periods of your career. It is universally admitted that your genius is typical of the South. By education and travel you have greatly expanded natural advantages of a high order and temperament distinctly poetical, thus insuring a polish to your verse which is one of its most pleasing characteristics. Melodious and flexible, your lines are brightened with various and attractive excellence, amongst which sensibility and wit hold high places. In many of your poems, as was to be expected of an ardent son of the South, you have reached the grand diapason, as where you sing of the "Confederate Flag," of the dead Zollicoffer, and the grand lamented Leonidas Polk. During the war, these and like verses made you a great favorite with the Southern people. I have been much pleased to see that you, like many others of our bravest and best Confederate soldiers, have known how to assimilate yourself to the changed conditions following upon the war. You have known how to sound the praises of magnanimity of Grant as well as to acclaim the grandeur of Lee. Your song of "The Flag" in which you honor "Old Glory," under which we are now all happily and contentedly gathered, is a fitting corollary, under the circumstances, to your verses dedicated to the "Confederate Flag." In your poem commemorative of the generosity of the North in the yellow fever epidemic at New Orleans, in 1878, you express the new sentiments of the South toward the North with epic earn-

estness and success. That notable incident marked the creation of the new and fraternal relations between the long estranged sections, which was emphasized by the promptness with which Southerners rallied to the standard of the country during the Spanish War, in which you offered your sword and service and gave your pen to the cause of freedom and solidarity of the nation. I will here again express my regrets, as I did at the time, that the Army Regulations prevented my accepting your tendered services as my aid in that struggle. It would have been very pleasing to have seen you in a ripe old age leading in battle, as you did in the fresh buoyance of youth. It was an impressive spectacle pregnant of great things for the future of the United States, this spontaneous gathering of the best blood of the South under the inspiring Stars and Stripes. I have particularly relished your "Memories of the Blue and the Gray," the fifth stanza of which commends itself to my appreciation, as it will be the appreciation of all your countrymen who value noble thoughts nobly expressed. It can be truly said by your friends that you have done your devoir in binding anew the relations which so long existed between the States and which for a while were threatened with disintegration.

While the sensational period in which you lived and wrote, to a certain extent has naturally sectionalized a portion of your verses, I strain nothing in saying that the volume you are about to issue will add much to the stock of genuine

American poetry. Your facile mastery of verse, its verve and epigrammatic measures, do not obscure, but add to its soulfulness and inspiration. The volume will not contain a poem of length, a restraint which you have imposed upon yourself, which is rather surprising to your friends, who would have been pleased to see you distinguish yourself in some lyrical or epic way which would have run a single poem into a volume of itself. They feel that you have the genius which would have insured success.

But your book will be replete with downright masterpieces and many gems of purest ray serene. Amongst those I would place "Together," which has been much in the public eye, and which originally appeared in the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*. It pleases me to see again my old favorite. I will not attempt to particularize your work in detail, but I can cheerfully tell the public that there is much in it which is rich and rare and that the very air of Parnassus blows through its pages.

The book, I trust, will find favor with the general public, and especially with the "Confederate Veterans" and the "Daughters and Sons of the Confederacy." Your poem on the "Confederate Cross of Honor" cannot fail to touch a responsive chord in the hearts of those who wore the Gray, and be read with tears by their descendants.

Wishing you the success you richly merit,
Faithfully your friend,
JOSEPH WHEELER.

POEMS BY
HENRY LYNDEN FLASH

Together

We loved each other long and true,
And at last in April weather,
When the crocus buds were breaking through,
And the dying moon hung faint in the blue,
We put to sea together.

For years we sailed a sunny main
And then came stormy weather;
Our vessel groaned with the tug and strain,
And out in the shrieking wind and rain
We faced the gale together.

At times we caught a glimpse of sky
That promised clearing weather,
And light and swift our boat would fly,
Till the clouds resumed their sable dye
And we sat in the gloom together.

But whether the sky was dark or bright,
Or fair or foul the weather,
Our love was ever the beacon light
That cheered our souls in the darkest night
And held our hearts together.

And now we sail in our battered boat
Unmindful of the weather,
The winds may rave and the clouds may gloat,
But little we care if we sink or float,
So we sink or float together.

Love and Wrong

A scoffed-at prayer—the flit of a dress—
The glance of a frenzied eye—
A sullen splash, and the moon shone out,
And the stream went muttering by.

And never again will I walk by the moon
Through the oaks and chestnuts high,
For fear to see the flit of a dress
And the glance of a frenzied eye.

And some may laugh and some may weep,
But as for me, I pray,
For I know that a tale of love and wrong
Will be told on the Judgment Day.

What She Brought Me

This faded flower that you see
Was given me a year ago,
By one whose little, dainty hand
Is whiter than the snow.

Her eyes are blue as violets,
And she's a blonde, and very fair,
And sunset tints are not bright
As is her golden hair.

And there are roses in her cheeks,
That come and go like living things;
Her voice is softer than the brook's
That flows from hidden springs.

She gave it me with downcast eyes
And rosy flushes of the cheek,
That told of tender thoughts her tongue
Had never learned to speak.

The fitting words had just been said,
And she was mine as long as life;
I gently laid the flower aside
And kissed my blushing wife.

She took it up with earnest look,
And said, "Oh, prize the flower"—
And tender tears were in her eyes—
"It is my only dower."

She brought me Faith, and Hope, and Truth,
She brought me gentle thoughts, and love—
A soul as pure as those that float
Around the throne above.

But earthly thing she nothing had,
Except this faded flower you see;
And though 'tis worthless in your eyes,
'Tis very dear to me.

Behind the Pall

'Tis wondrous strange—*it* looks as dead,
And yet I feel no fear;
My body lies upon the bed,
And I am standing here
With all my faculties complete—
A perfect man from the crown of my head
To the very soles of my feet.

Dead! dead! what an earthly word!
Ah! now I see it all!
I was wont to laugh at the truths I heard
Of the life behind the pall:
Of the death-in-life and the life-in-death—
And held that the ceasing of the breath
Was the dismal end of all.

But I have fled from what is dead,
And will warm the clay no more,
That lies so senseless on the bed,
Deaf to those who deplore
The absence of the living ray
That saved the body from decay,
And held the worms in awe.

But what will my darling say to this
When she hears I have passed away,

And knows the lips she was wont to kiss
Are pallid curves of clay?
Will she die for the want of the olden bliss,
Or live for the heart's decay?

My only wish is to see her now—
Great Heaven! and can it be!
That she lies with her curl-lit brow,
Dreaming a dream of me;
Dreaming a dream of the man that stands
Here by her side to-night;
And kisses the white of her heavenly hands,
And her eyelids veiling light.

Ah! now I know that I will go
Where my true affections are,
And what I love below or above
Will be my guiding star!
And the light that I see cometh to me
Undimmed by the clay which lies
Stiff and stark and growing dark
In the glow of the tropic skies.

Oh! the narrow space I was compassed in,
Chained to a lump of earth,
And darkened by clouds of grief and sin
From the moment of my birth;
But I am free as thought can be,
And am where my wishes are—
And pure and bright with the lucent light
That flows from the Lord afar,
Making me shine with rays divine
Eternity cannot mar.

The Mocking-Bird

The mocking-bird skips like a winged Faun,
A-top of the China-tree;
And mimics love and mimics fear,
And mocketh ever at me.

He speaks to my ear in the dove-like tones
I loved in the days gone by,
When all the sorrow my heart could hold
Came forth in a single sigh—

And I feel the touch of my darling's hand,
Her breath on my happy cheek—
The bird stops short and quirks him round,
And giveth a piercing shriek,

That tells a tale of a foundered ship
And all on board gone down—
Leaving one lover bearing a cross,
The other wearing a crown.

O heartless bird, that skips and sings
A-top of the China-tree,
What have I done to thee or thine,
That thou mocketh so at me?

The Problem of Life

I sit here to-night in my bachelor room,
Sick of the world with its care and its strife,
Striving to find through the desolate gloom
The key to the intricate Problem of Life.

I know there are answers to all we would ask,
If God in His mercy should deign to reply;
That off from Philosophy tumbles the mask
And leaves us, alone with our doubtings, to die.

So scorning the riddles that weary my brain
I puff at my pipe and I quaff at the bowl,
Till the joys that are dead are requickened again
And glow in the Hades-like deeps of my soul.

The women I've loved and the pleasures I've
known
Pass by in procession and gladden my sight,
Till exultant, I feel I'm no longer alone
With the riddles that hide in the gloom of the
night.

There's Music and Dancing, there Wit and there
Wine—
The songs of the Poet—the Idols of Art—
There are starlighted nights upon Arno and
Rhine
And a blaze of bright eyes to illumine my
heart.

There's Minnie and Carrie and Rosa and Lou
And Esmeralda (not she with the golden-
horned Goat)
And Edith, with eyes of the very same hue
As the one little violet pinned at her throat.

But look! there is one who is dearer than all!
She beams on my soul like a star on the sea—
She is gone! The darkness comes down like a
pall,
And hides her, forever, from earth and from
me.

The music is hushed and the phantoms have fled,
In silence and sorrow I sit in my room,
I am pressed to the earth by a hope that is dead,
And sink to my knees in the desolate gloom.

Oh, Lord! lift the burden that crushes me down,
Restore to my spirit the love which was mine!
I trust to Thy promise, I bow to Thy frown,
And patiently wait at the foot of Thy shrine.

Oh! blessed is the sorrow and blessed is the loss
That racks the proud heart in its Sybarite ease,
And a thousand times blessed is the weight of the
Cross
That brings us, O Brothers! at last to our
knees.

As I sit here to-night in my bachelor room,
Sick of the world with its care and its strife,
This truth comes to me through the desolate
gloom,
That *faith* is the key to the Problem of Life.

Dead

I am lying in my shroud,
Dead!
So they say;
And they pray
Round my bed.
And they weep and wail aloud,
For they little think that I,
All stiffened as I lie,
Have a power and a vision
That I never knew before.
Though my limbs are cold and rigid,
And my heart will beat no more,
Yet my spirit sees a demon
That it never saw before.

Do you see that woman sitting
Near my bed,
Watching through the night
By the dead?
The taper's misty light
Shows a forehead broad and fair,
Partly shadowed by the darkness
Of her cloudy mass of hair.
She looks pure, and sweet, and holy
As the moon up in the sky,
But her heart is cold as marble,
And her looks are all a lie;
And this woman that I worshipped
Is an animated lie.

I died but yesternight!
But my spirit in its flight
Has seen the varied wonders
Of the sky and of the air,
It has been among the stars,
In Venus and in Mars,
And has seen the angels fair
That are singing in their light;
But the woman that I cherished,
By whose treachery I perished,
With the fairest of their numbers
 Could compare.

Oh! 'tis well the dead are palsied—
 Else my heart,
 Inflated with the flood
Of my injured body's blood,
 Would break apart.

For she twined her arms around me,
 And she pressed her lips to mine,
And she prayed that I should pledge her
 In a golden cup of wine—
And she placed a deadly poison
 In this very cup of wine.

And to think my latest breath,
Ere it passed away with Death,
Breathed a blessing on her head!
I kissed her lying lips,
And passed into eclipse,
For the shadow of the world
Hides my spirit from her sight.

But the dead,
In the silence of the night,
Though they lie in shrouds of white,
Can in spirit form depart,
And in ghostly garb revisit
Those on earth they cherished well;
And pry with phantom eyes
Into mysteries
That are hidden in the heart,—
That doth make a burning hell
Of the wicked human heart,—
And though *her* face is mild and sweet,
I can see the scorching heat
That is withering up her heart.

Oh! beware the injured dead,
For their power has not fled!
They can break into the heart,
And with shadowy fingers part
The strands on which are strung,
Like beads, your hopes and fears;
And the hopes they trample down,
But the fears they leave to drown
Your hated life in tears.
And when in Death's deep slumber
You go to join their number,
Your frightened ghost will shrink
With horror at their frown;
And, with a piercing yell,
Into the depths of hell,
In darkness and despair,
You will fall forever down.

The Duke of the Old Regime

I

Parbleu! what a beautiful blonde!
Her hair is a golden swell;
And her ripe red lips are richer
Than the rarest wine of Rochelle.

Ah! Marquis, I see you know her;
Present me!—Madame, I bow
To the brightest eyes and the softest lips
That ever mocked the marriage vow.

No poutings—you know my station?
I cannot marry; but yet,
In Paris vows are forgotten,
But love, who can forget?

My hand is tied to a coronet,
My heart—is at your feet;
You accept! (*au revoir* Marquis!)
You are mine forever, sweet.

II

My friends say I must marry—
For what? Love? Bah! a dream:—
No, for an heir to the noblest house
Of the blood of the old *regime*.

Blue-eyes will pout for a week—
Perhaps for a month or more;
But tears soon dry in the genial warmth
Of a thousand *louis d'or*.

Here! this note to the fair Louise—
And be careful of the gold!
I marry to-night:—a glass of wine!
I am shivering with cold.

III.

What's this? A bag of gold!
A welcome thing, parbleu—
A lock of hair—a scented note—
And the single word "adieu!"

My carriage—quick, my carriage!
To Louise, in the *Rue des Morts*—
This is the house! down with the steps!
Await me at the door.

Ah, lazy one, still on the couch,
Reclining at your ease;
Say, why this note and a lock of hair?
Have you grown romantic, Louise?

No answer! Come, your hand!
Well, then your lips instead—
Great God! the lips are breathless—
The fair Louise is dead.

Away, away, to my waiting bride!
My *liason* was but a dream—
I thank thee, Death! thou hast proven a friend
Of a duke of the old *regime*.

Mine

Give me a golden goblet, girl,
And crown it high with wine—
The sorrow that clings to my tortured heart
I would drown in a draught divine.
Let the wine be red as the roses rare
That bloom in the gorgeous East,
And its flavor rich as the Moslem taste
In their dreams of the Prophet's feast.

There's a spell in the blood of the martyred grape
That can soothe the pulse of pain—
That can quell the throbs of a tortured heart,
Till we dream we are blest again;
And the smears and stains the wine may leave
Can be speedily washed away,
But the blot of blood on a guilty hand
Will cling till the Judgment Day.

Oh, she was fair as the flowers that bloom
In the garden of Persia's king,
Where the floral gems of every clime
Are strewn by the prodigal spring—
But she was false as the sulphurous light
That plays round a mouldy tomb,
And the death she met by my frenzied hands
Was a well deservéd doom.

And yet the glance of her dying eyes
Still haunts my troubled soul;
But the heart's great balm, forgetfulness,
Is found in the bubbling bowl.
So fill the gaping goblet up,
I will quaff from its jeweled brim,
Till the blood on this hand shall fly my sight
And the glance of those eyes grow dim.

Oh, the rare red wine is a sovereign balm
For the sorrows that press us down,
And the royal grape, in purple robed,
Is worthy a monarch's crown;
And while my soul is under the spell
Of the great enchanter, Wine,
The plummet of conscience cannot sound
The depths of this guilt of mine.

The Lord's Forget-me-not

She came when Faith was growing dim,
God's promise nigh forgot;
We called her as a gift from Him,
The Lord's Forget-me-not.

She lit our home three fleeting years,
Three years with blossoms strown,
And then despite our pleading tears
The Master claimed His own.

We trust Thee, Lord! Tho' sore distressed,
God's gift is not forgot,
We know she blossoms on Thy breast,
The Lord's Forget-me-not.

Crazed

I hate the stars with a deadly hate!
Would they were bound in hell:
They stare at me wherever I go;
And I know the reason well.

The hag and I met at the oak,
While the staring stars looked down,
And the tree seemed withering under a curse,
And shrinking under a frown.

"'Tis here," she whispered. Give it me, then:
There! now 'tis hid in the earth!
How long did it live? "I strangled the babe
The moment of its birth."

Well done! well done! Here is the gold.
And the mother, how does she?
"The babe was born as the clock struck one,
And the mother died at three."

* * * * *

None living knows that the child was mine,
For I stabbed her as she spoke,
And threw the corpse in the stagnant pool
Down by the blasted oak.

The stars they saw me bury the babe
And stab the hag by the tree;
And this the reason—curse them all!
They stare forever at me!

Maud and I

Maud and I were slowly walking
By the borders of the sea,
Where the waves were wildly talking
Of the times that used to be.

A snowy hand was lying
Softly pressed within my palm;
Maud had pouted, then had kissed me—
First a tempest, then a calm.

We were speaking of the future—
Of the happy days to be,
When the vines should wreath a garland
O'er our cottage by the sea.

Soon a little wave came dancing
Up the white and pebbly shore,
Till the feet of Maud were moistened,
Then it ran and came no more.

But it left a curse behind it
That will shadow all my life;
It has dimmed the golden future—
It has robbed me of a wife.

There is Maud so pale and drooping,
In the arm-chair by the door;
Like the moaning sea, she's talking
Of the dreamy days of yore.

Spring has pulsed to life the flowers—
They are blooming in the lane;
Maud's cheeks have lost their roses—
Will they ever bloom again?

A spectral hand is stealing
From my plighted one her breath;
That stealthy wave has killed her—
Rolling from the shores of death.

The flowers are fresh and fragrant,
But they have no charms for me;
My Maud is dying, dying—
Murdered, walking by the sea.

The Old Story

A cry at night—a mother's delight—
A life has just begun—
Out of the dark, a vital spark—
And the Earth spins round the Sun.

Halcyon hours—orange flowers—
Gaily the Seasons run—
Sunshine—rain—pleasure—pain—
And the Earth spins round the Sun.

Pulseless breast—hands at rest—
Life's short race is run—
Under the sod—back to God—
And the Earth spins round the Sun.

Betrayed

A reckless youth—a trusting girl—
Fire and Flax together—
Tender kisses—vows of truth—
Guile of Judas—faith of Ruth—
And the fickle April weather.

A pleading girl—a scoffing churl—
October in golden glory—
A woman dead in the river's bed—
Gossiping blackbirds overhead,
And the reeds astir with the story.

At the Theatre

I entered the lobby, dreaming a dream,
As Marco, cruel and cold,
Pressed her snowy hand on the marble heart
That had just been bought and sold—
But my spirit was off on a journey then
To the happy days of old.

Step by step did it slowly go,
Down the silent Yesterdays,
Till it came to a year that was bright with love,
And all the months were Mays—
And it met a spirit purer far
Than those you see in plays.

The house was crowded then, as now,—
And some were pale with fear
As they watched the play,—and in many an eye
Was a tender pitying tear
As Cordelia—dead—in her stainless robes
Was borne in the arms of Lear.

I turned away from the saddening sight—
And staggered with surprise
As I met the wonderful light that flowed
From Maud's immaculate eyes:
Our hearts met then—they will meet again
In the bowers of Paradise.

Twelve months of May ; and then, alas !
The blast came bleak and chill—
It killed the rose upon her cheek—
The lily pleaded still—
In vain the prayer—she sleeps beneath
The willow on the hill.

And as the actors play their parts,
My soul takes up its woe,
And with its burden travels back
To the buried long ago—
To the happy dream-land of my life,
Where roses always blow.

In the Moonlight

Into the moonlight pale and dim,
Side by side they trod;
Her heart was filled with love of him,
His with fear of God.

Came a spirit tempting to sin—
Sadly urged were they;
She stood up with her love within,
He knelt down to pray.

Died the words on his heated lips—
His fear of God was gone;
The light that led him was in eclipse,
Hers the brighter shone.

Glanced he upward in her eyes—
Came back his self-control;
The truth was clear! Love purifies,
Fear vitiates the soul.

Out of the moonlight pale and dim,
Side by side they trod,
Saved were they by her love of him,
Not his fear of God.

At Paris

(1847.)

Mirrors and musk—red roses abloom—
Women and song and wine,—
With never a fear of coming doom,
Nor thought of the words divine,
The wages of sin is death!

Petite Fifine and stately Adele,
Count Alfonse and his cousin Henri,
Are singing the songs that are echoes of hell,
Mocking the wisdom of Galilee,
The wages of sin is death!

A taunting word—an answering blow—
A face like carven stone:
“Name time and place;”—“Eh bien, mon beau,
At five, in the Bois de Boulogne,”
And the wages of sin is death!

Two whiffs of smoke on the startled air,
Two shots that ring as one,—
Two pallid corpses staring there
In the red of the rising sun,—
And the wages of sin is death!

Insatiate

The vernal vales, the untrod heights,
The mountains and the sea,
The myriad suns and satellites
Are not enough for me.

And Right and Wrong and deathless Song,
Art and Philosophy,
And Love and Hate, Free Will and Fate
Are not enough for me.

And all that was and all that is,
And all that yet shall be
In Time and Space, thro' Nature's grace,
Is not enough for me.

For life immortal is my right—
My heritage in fee;
And all—without the Infinite—
Is not enough for me.

Three Violets

We walked in the garden—she and I,
As fair a maiden as ever was seen,
With a form such as poets see in sleep,
And a face like Proserpine.

The violets, ambushed in the leaves,
Peeped up in her eyes as she passed—
And the roses thought the Queen of the Flowers
Had come to their court at last.

She looked so pure, and she looked so sweet,
That—forgive me, Virgin Mother in Heaven!—
I felt as tho' I could kneel at her feet
To have my sins forgiven.

And three of the violets ambushed there
I smilingly plucked—"Here are two," I said,
"That are lovingly twined, like man and wife:
The other you see is unwed."

She took them tenderly from my hand,
While her delicate, dainty finger tips
Blushed scarlet, as tho' they knew I longed
To press them to my lips.

And the two entwined she put to sleep
In her pure young bosom in peace to rest;
And the third at her throat, where only the
 ripples
 Came up from the heave of her breast.

And I thought as I looked at that lonely flower,
Of the Peri whose error was unforgiven;
Who stands in her beauty—desolate—
 At the Jasper Gates of Heaven.

And I know the two in her virgin breast
Will pass away in beauty and bloom,
Dying in youth, on the bosom of love,
 Embalmed in their own perfume;

While the other will live in the eyes of men,
But all alone, on her neck of snow,
And far too high to feel the warmth
 Of the heart that beats below.

But better to die on the breast of love,
Like those two unheeded flowers,
Than live alone on Glory's heights
 In this desolate world of ours.

On a Tress of Hair

This little tress of hair I hold
Has fluttered on a brow as white
As Genius, guiding Phidias' hand,
Has ever brought to light.

And when this night, a year ago,
She gave it me with kisses sweet,
New hopes came peeping from my heart,
Like daisies at my feet.

She bade me keep it till the love
I had for her should all depart—
Though tears are gathering in my eyes,
I press it to my heart.

I swore that I would hold it dear
As my own honor or my life;
Till vows should ripen into deeds
And she became my wife.

And so we parted—I with hope,
And she with tremors and with sighs;
But now, alas! the hope is dead,
And tears are in my eyes.

And memory summons up the past—
Recalls the kisses from her lips;
The sun of love that lit my life
Has passed into eclipse.

And though the Spring has flushed the flowers,
And made the roses ruby-red,
Yet she cannot revive a hope
That in my heart is dead.

And nothing now remains to me
Of her who was so false and fair,
Except the tender thoughts that cling
Around this tress of hair.

And so I blush not at the tears
That from my burning eyelids start,
When on this anniversary night
I press it to my heart.

On _____

There is a beauty in thy soft blue eyes,
A sunny brightness in thy golden hair,
That turns to happy smiles my deep-drawn sighs
And lights the darkness of my heart's despair.
Thy liquid laugh has drowned my heaviest care—
My cause of mourning's a forgotten thing—
And from my heart-depths joyous feelings flow,
Like gushing waters from a mountain spring
When Summer's sun has thawed the Winter's
snow.
My thoughts grow clearer, and at last I know
That Fate has pleasures still in store for me
To glad my spirit in the coming years.
The light from thy dear eyes shines on my
tears,
And hope's fair rainbow owes its birth to thee.

Love

O Love!
Spirit Divine!
Thou reignest in my heart to-night—
Above,
Like diamonds in a mine,
A million stars are bright;
But none
Equals the splendor of thy chastening light.
One
Shines like Michael in the Immortal fight,
When, foremost in the war,
And radiant with celestial might,
He clove
Aspiring Satan on the empyrean height.
But thou, O Love!
Are brighter far
(Being a part of Deity)
Than e'en this glowing, God-created star.
Thou reignest in my heart,
Which, pulsed with thy creative purity,
Makes me a part
Of the Divinity—
Beneath thy sway
I claim affinity
With Almighty God,

And lay
My earthly grossness on its kindred sod.
I renounce the clay—
And piercing with immortal ken
The gloomy clouds which hide the undying
Day,
I see the light that blesses loving men:
A ray
Swifter than the ark-flown dove
Heralds my pathway to the Promised Land—
I cleave the holy realms above—
Full in the eternal light I stand,
God-flushed, through thee, O Love!

Our Parting

We walked upon her father's lands,
'Mong fields of golden grain—
We met to say a sad farewell,
And pray to meet again.

"You go," she said, "to win a name,
As you have won my heart;
Remember Love attends on Fame,
And do a noble part."

"But if I fail to gain the prize,
Despite of duty done?"
She turned on me her flashing eyes,
As brilliant as the sun —

"My love is for the man," she said,
"Whom honor nobly hails;
Not for the wretch who basely shrinks,
Nor him who meanly fails."

"The bad," I said, "are often raised,
The good are oft kept down—
And many bravely bear the cross,
Who never wear the crown."

"Then such a one is not for me,"
She said, and turned aside.

"The feeling that you have for me
Is less of love than pride,"

I answered as I gave her back
The ring she gave to me.
We parted there—between us now
Loud roars the stormy sea.

The Conqueror

Room for the Conqueror!—room!

Make way!

He needs the total of the rounded earth
To stretch his limbs. 'Tis useless that ye pray.
He comes! muffling mirth on pallid lips of clay!
All must submit—his mandates all obey,
From frosty Age to things of yesterday.

E'en babes, within their mother's womb,
Are subject to his sway!

Stern-hearted Manhood is his daily prey;
And lily-browed, rose-cheeked maidens gay,
Radiant in their bloom,
Resign their lovers to become his bride.
Room for the Conqueror!—room!

He comes!

The Great Invisible! with stealthy stride—
Wreathed in gloom—

Pride

Unbends and grovels in the dust
Before his frown!

Kings leave their lust,

And, pale as lilies on a moonlit tomb,
Come down

From their gilt thrones, and lie supine,
Like tumbled statues, till the Day of Doom!

Love—Valor—Fame

Shrink before his breath,

And mingle with the sod.

He comes! the Messenger Divine—

The calling voice of God;

And in His name,

Room for the Conqueror!—room!

Room for the victor Death!

Who Can Tell?

She lived a life of sin and shame,
Spurned by the fool, shunned by the good—
A withered hope, a blasted name,
A blighted womanhood.

She died within a loathsome den—
Unwept for to the grave was borne,
While sleek-cheeked, pious hypocrites
Sneered with a smile of scorn,

And said: "This is the end of sin,
And Satan now has claimed his own."
Forgetting Christ—"He that is pure,
Let him first cast a stone."

"Judge not, lest ye be judged," He said;
And even the thief upon the cross
Gave up his life in penitence—
A gainer by the loss.

And gentle Mercy pleads for all;
And she, perhaps, may dwell
Up with the singing hosts of Heaven—
Peace, bigot! who can tell?

In the Grove

O, how I love those vernal spots,
Where daisies and forget-me-nots,
And violets in tufted plots,
Are seen on every hand—
Where birds are voicing roundelays,
And lilies look in summer days,
Like leaning towers of the Fays,
In dim old fairy-land.

And wandering there my heart is stirred
As though I listened to the word
Of God from angel lips;
And selfish thoughts are put to flight
Like shadows from the misty height
When waking Day, with eyes of light,
Breaks from the wanton arms of Night
And walks the mountain tips.

And in the south, far, far away,
Where rosy twilights never stay
To soothe the parting of the day,
Or welcome in the night,
There is a spot most dear to me,
And near by is the murmuring sea,
Striving to tell the mystery
That's hid from human sight.

And rich magnolias there are seen,
With veined leaves of deepest green,
And fragrant blossoms that, I ween,
Are whiter than the snow;

And heavy is the balmy air
With all the fragrance floating there,
From orange flowers, pure and fair,
That in the summer grow.

My heart took lessons of the sea
And strove to tell its mystery,
And thrilled with wildest ecstasy
When, with a royal grace,
She turned on me her eyes divine
And laid her lily hand in mine,
And said, "I am forever thine,"
And looked into my face.

O, fairer than the flowers grew;
The violets deepened in their hue;
The zephyrs round her tresses flew;
She was so very fair
The birds sang out in tuneful mirth,
And sunbeams danced upon the earth
To music in the air.

The sea still murmurs on the strand,
But I am in a northern land,
And she obeyed a stern command
And gave her doubly perjured hand
To one who loves her not;
And though remembrance calleth tears,
And fills my heart with shadowy fears,
Yet still that grove in coming years
Will never be forgot;
The memory of the past endears
And sanctifies the spot.

Curst and Blest

A beautiful hope is dead and gone,
Buried deep in the depths of my heart—
Buried like thousands gone before,
Only it lies in a grave apart;
For brighter it was than all the rest,
And dearer to me than all beside,
And this, perhaps, was why it went
And left me alone with my pain and pride.

But pride, I fear, will never suffice
To fill the place of a buried love—
Can the lightning writhing athwart the sky
Make me forget the stars above?
’Tis manly, no doubt, to laugh in pain—
To scoff at a love you have lost, in fine;
But a laugh will hardly make up for a love,
Or the human supplant the divine.

“Then, why not die?” says a tempting voice.
I would that I might, but I lack the nerve;
Nay, now your eyes bespeak me a coward,
And on your lips sits a scornful curve.
So let it be—but I lack the nerve
To make this living frame a clod;
Fearful I am to throw my life
Into the very face of God.

Besides, my days are not all in all,
A terrible throbbing of heart and brain—
Promethean tortures were made for gods,
But men are finite even in pain;
And so my agony sleeps at times,
And supernal joys that few can know
Bless me beyond the dreams of men,
And flush my soul with a heavenly glow!

For I have a friend—a luminous friend—
The soul of the poppies rich and red,
That walks the pathways of my heart
Like an angel among the dead.
And down, far down to the bottom he goes,
Till he comes to the hope that is buried there,
Waves his magical hands, and lo!
A blessing upstarts from a great despair.

Then why should I die with such a friend
To work his miracle when I will—
To speak to me like Christ to the waves,
And quiet my heart with his "Peace, be still"?
No! twine sweet flowers around my brow,
And give me the wondrous drug to drink,
That makes it a melody only to live,
And a perfect poem to think.

Compensation

I

The roses will not blow,
The lily hangs its head,
All the flowers know
Our little bud is dead.

II

The spangled fields of night
Are brighter now at even,
Another star of light
Is blossoming in heaven !

III

Blessings on the Power
That, flowing from afar,
Changed a mortal flower
To an immortal star.

A Hart

Once (in a dream) I caught a fairy;
I clipped her wings and called her Mary;
And oh! my heart was filled with glee
To think my captive she should be.
But when I waked, upon my sight
There beamed a maiden fair and bright;
Her hair hung down in golden curls;
Her teeth were white as lucent pearls;
Her eyes—may Jove forgive those eyes
For being bluer than the skies.
A form so fair that, like the spray,
It seems to light itself away—
In short, the image of the fairy,
And, strange to say, her name was Mary.
But now, alas, it should be so:
Dreams always by contraries go—
And so went mine, and I did rave
That, waking, I had lost a slave;
But what was worse, alas the day!
'Twas I was captive to the Fay.

Adele

'Twould seem the fairies, to excite surprise
Among us mortals, had endowed Adele
With baby-sprites that frolicked in her eyes,
As erst they did upon some lily-bell.
So gay and arch the lovely maiden seems,
My heart recalls the creature of its dreams
In days that now are past—the long ago,
When in my sleep I saw her, graceful, play
Among the violets and roses gay
In flowery vales where now the thistles grow.
The beauty of my dreams has come again—
And Joy is ringing out pale Sorrow's knell—
The chimes are echoed in this simple strain:
Wilt thou accept it, beautiful Adele?

To Italy

(1857.)

Oh, Italy! for thee I weave my song,
Thou sunny land of beauty and of flowers;
Tho' thou art groaning 'neath the heel of Wrong,
Thy beauty's unimpaired, thy classic bowers
Are still as fair as when, in ancient days,
The laurel-crowned Petrarch framed his lays
To love-lorn Laura. Palaces and towers
Have lost no beauty from the lapse of Time,
But rather, folded in historic page,
Have braved the centuries and become sublime.
I love thee, Italy, with a poet's rage:
And flushed with memories of thy sunny clime,
My heart tumultuous, flutters like a dove,
And flies to thee, thou land of light and love.

The Scientists

A noble band in search of Truth—
And yet in vain they preach
That man should disbelieve in all
But what his senses teach ;

For all the truths that science shows,
If viewed without pretence,
But tend to prove, beyond a doubt,
The impotence of Sense.

What seems as firmly fixed as Fate,
Is fickle found as wind ;
What seems a million leagues ahead,
A billion is behind.

Besides the facts, we too must know
To read the facts aright,
Nor dream there's naught beyond our ken
But nothingness and night.

For countless years men saw the sun,
With reverential awe,
Rise up and cross the firmament,
Nor doubted what they saw ;

Till Science by her light revealed
The course the Planets run;
How Earth upon her axis wheels
And circles round the Sun.

It may be stars we see this night
Deep in the Heaven's glow
Were sunk in darkness and destroyed
A thousand years ago—

But still they shine; and Science tells
Of rays that pierce the sky—
But why they dart and why they shine
Elicits no reply.

They know the law that Newton found
Keeps order in the skies—
But yet the Power that made the Law
They fail to recognize.

They but delude themselves—confound
The Lower with the Higher,
And dream the quenchless spark of Life
Springs from material fire.

In vain they strive—the Infinite
Baffles the power of sense,
And mortal plummet cannot sound
The depths of Providence.

O bright the triumph and the gain
Of Science and of Art,
But brighter far shine Faith and Hope,
To cheer the human heart.

What the Cricket Sang

The little cricket left the hearth
And sat upon my knee,
And sang a sweet and merry song
Of how my love loved me—
“She loves you! she loves you!”
The little cricket sang;
And through my fire-lighted room
The merry music rang—
“She loves you! she loves you!”

God bless you, little cricket,
For sitting on my knee,
And singing such a dainty song
Of how my love loves me—
“She loves you! she loves you!”
Again the cricket sang;
And in my heart the marriage bells
In happy cadence rang—
“She loves you! she loves you!”

The winter went—the summer came—
The buds were on the lea,
And my love was decked with orange flowers,
But not, alas! for me—
“She loves you! she loves you!”

Was rang and sang with glee;
But the birds that sang and the bells that rang,
Neither rang nor sang for me—
“She loves you! she loves you!”

The summer's gone—the winter's here—
The cricket's on my knee;
But he sings no more, as he sang before,
Of how my love loves me—
“She loves you! she loves you!”
He sings no more in glee;
Yet still I bless the little cricket,
For singing once to me—
“She loves you! she loves you!”

The Maid I Love

The maid I love has violet eyes,
And rose-leaf lips of red,
She wears the moonshine round her neck,
The sunshine round her head;
And she is rich in every grace,
And poor in every guile,
And crowned kings might envy me
The splendor of her smile.

She walks the earth with such a grace,
The lilies turn to look,
And waves rise up to catch a glance,
And stir the quiet brook;
Nor ever will they rest again,
But chatter as they flow
And babble of her crimson lips,
And of her breast of snow.

And e'en the leaves upon the trees
Are whispering tales of her,
And tattle till they grow so warm,
That in the general stir
They twist them from the mother-branch,
And through the air they fly,
Till fainting with the love they feel,
They flutter down and die.

And what is stranger still than all
The wonders of her grace,
Her mind's the only thing to match
The glories of her face.
Oh! she is Nature's paragon—
All innocent of Art;
And she has promised me her hand,
And given me her heart.

And when the spring again shall flush
Our glorious southern bowers,
My love will wear a bridal veil,
A wreath of orange flowers;
And so I care not if the sun
Should founder in the sea,
For, oh! the Heaven of her love
Is light enough for me.

Come Fill The Goblet

Song.

Come fill the goblet to the brim,
And let my soul go Maying,
In ideal-realms and fairy-fields
Where flowers repay the staying.
The world is old, and wan, and cold,
The months are all December,
And what was once the fire of love
Is now a dying ember;
The Fates, instead of whispering "Hope,"
But breathe the curse "Remember."

So fill the goblet to the brim,
And let my soul go Maying,
In ideal realms and fairy-fields
Where flowers repay the staying;
Where Ariadne bows her head,
And weeps at my delaying.

And he who quaffs the generous blood
Of the grape so rich and purple,
May snap his fingers at the Fates
And bind his brow with myrtle.

But he who scorns the jolly god,
Old Bacchus, full and reeling,
May drink the tears, instead of wine,
Adown his pale face stealing;
For in the varying "Game of Life"
Grim Pluto does the dealing.

So fill the goblet to the brim,
And let my soul go Maying,
In ideal-realms and fairy-fields
Where flowers repay the staying;
Where Ariadne bows her head,
And weeps at my delaying.

The Shadows in the Valley

There's a mossy, shady valley
Where the waters wind and flow,
And the daisies sleep in winter
'Neath a coverlet of snow;
And violets, blue-eyed violets,
Bloom in beauty in the spring,
And the sunbeams kiss the wavelets
Till they seem to laugh and sing.

But in autumn, when the sunlight
Crowns the cedar-covered hill,
Shadows darken in the valley,
Shadows ominous and still;
And the yellow leaves, like banners
Of an Elfin-host that's fled,
Tinged with gold and royal purple,
Flutter sadly overhead.

And those shadows, gloomy shadows,
Like dim phantoms on the ground,
Stretch their dreamy lengths forever
On a daisy-covered mound.
And I loved her, yes, I loved her,
But the angels loved her too,
So she's sleeping in the valley,
'Neath the sky so bright and blue.

And no slab of pallid marble
Rears its white and ghastly head,
Telling wanderers in the valley
Of the virtues of the dead;
But a lily is her tombstone,
And a dew-drop, pure and bright,
Is the epitaph an angel wrote
In the stillness of the night.

And I'm mournful, very mournful,
For my soul doth ever crave
For the fading of the shadows
From that little woodland grave;
For the memory of the loved one
From my soul will never part,
And those shadows in the valley
Dim the sunshine of my heart.

The Count's Wedding

The censer swung and the organ rolled,
And the Bishop in pomp and state was there,
And the Mother of God from her gilded frame
Gazed down on the kneeling pair.

Back of the jewels and flowers and lace
A mother stood with her babe on her breast,
And the frozen look of despair on her face,
The ice at her heart confessed.

As the ladies swept out in the pride of their
 charms
 (The newly made bride the gayest of all),
A woman fell dead with a child in her arms,
Near the Crucified Christ on the wall.

And the Pharisee sniffed and the Pharisee said
 (For the tribe still lives as in days of old),
"What dreadful doom for the sudden dead,
Shut out from the Father's fold."

But I think the Power that reigns above,
The final hope of the tempest-tossed,
Will pardon the sinner that sinned for love
And died when love was lost.

Pauline

She is the lily of our town,
As pure as she is fair,
With brownish shadows in her eyes
And sunshine in her hair.
A bonny, winsome, darling sprite,
The very flower of Grace!
And thoughts conceived within her breast
Are born upon her face.

She has a low Cordelia-voice
That steals upon the ear,
And tells of glory only known
In some diviner sphere;
It soothes the senses like the songs
Of golden-throated birds,
Whose music is so eloquent
They have no need for words.

I sit and gaze upon her face
Until my eyes are dim,
And fancies flit across my mind
Of white-robed seraphim.
I seem to walk the starry way,—
Where angel hosts are seen,—
And only touch the earth again
When I have left Pauline.

The Paradise of Abou Shayone

(From the Persian.)

If when I die to me 'tis given
To name my own peculiar Heaven,
As well as one with whom I'd be
Content to spend eternity,
I'd choose yon cloud that I might roam,
Unfettered, thro' the ethereal dome,
And you, beloved, shouldst be the star
To light my soul in Heaven afar.
That golden band around the edge
The sun would give us for a hedge,
And slowly, side by side, we'd walk,
Whispering softly lovers' talk,
Breathing the dear devotion o'er
That we on earth had sworn before;
And should we tire of the stroll
We'd seat ourselves upon the knoll,—
That little rising which it seems
Was built for us from sunny beams,—
And there reclining side by side,
While rosy Loves around us hide,
Each in his hand a tiny dart
Tipped with a joy to glad the heart,
We'd lie clasped in each other's arms
Oblivious to this world's alarms.

Our lips together would be pressed,
My head would sink upon your breast,
Your cloudy tresses bathe my face
And fold me in a soft embrace;
And then my arms I'd round you twine,
Your heaving bosom pressed to mine,
Till each wild wish your heart confessed
Awoke its twin within my breast.
And then again we'd wildly kiss
Till e'en your soul dissolved in bliss
And moistened with immortal dew
Your lips of ripe pomegranate hue;
While I, beloved, in amorous play
Would suck your balmy breath away.
Till trembling with the wild excess,
And fainting with our happiness,
We'd parting gasp for breath, and then,
Beloved Shireen, we'd kiss again—
In such bright joys from day to day
Eternity would pass away.
Haroun-al-Rasched and his queen
Would envy Shayone and Shireen.

Who Knows

I wonder if the dead man
Who in his coffin lies,
Is muttering curses deep in Hell
Or singing in the skies ;

Or if with judgment cool and clear,
Where'er his lines are cast,
Amid his pleasures or his pains
He meditates the past,

And ponders on his selfish ends—
His actions pure and just—
His bitter hate—his tender love—
His avarice and his lust ;

His scoffing words—his dark desires—
His aspirations high—
His groveling in the dirt and slime—
His soaring in the sky.

To Whom or What, the Good or Bad
Is due, I cannot trace ;
Perhaps it was his own—perhaps
His Sires or his Race.

Or what the moral weight may be
Of Impulse or of Will—
Perchance a grain of Good outweighs
An avalanche of Ill.

The subtle hands of Circumstance,
Thro' countless years of strife,
Have made of Evil and of Good
The warp and woof of Life;

So closely woven, thread by thread,
So intertwined and blent,
No finite mind can diagnose
The Deed or the Intent.

The sins of all the centuries
Were ambushed in his blood;
His upward path made slippery
With vile Silurian mud.

The Brutal Instincts in his blood
His base descent proclaim;
The Human Yearnings for the Good
Shed glory on his shame.

And so I wonder if the man
Who in his coffin lies,
Is muttering curses deep in Hell
Or singing in the skies.

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She laid the flowers in my hand,
And in her graceful, quiet way
Looked in my face—I saw a light
That seemed to me like day.

Not like our gorgeous tropic day
When, crimsoned with a mad desire,
The sun comes rushing wildly up
To set the East on fire,

But like the pure primeval light
Which, on the fourth day from on high,
Hallowed the Earth—before the Sun
Had ever wronged the Sky.

The glory shining in her face
Revealed that pure in heart was she—
And I remembered such was blest
By Christ in Galilee.

And as the Prophet left the Mount
And mingled with the waiting band,
And wandered through the wilderness
To seek the Promised Land,

Flushed with the light divine that lit
The inner temple of his heart,
And left a halo on his life
That never could depart,

So I, amid the shades of night
That gather round my pilgrim way,
Still feel the glory of that face
That seemed to me like day.

The Way of It

A little bird sat on a tree
A-singing in the sun,
"The world was made alone for me
To live and feed upon ;

"When I am hungry, down I fly
And snap a grub or germ—
For me was made the azure sky,
For me the wiggling worm."

An eagle, poising in the blue,
The foolish twittering heard,
And swooping downward, straight and true,
He seized the shrinking bird,

Then soaring, like an arrow sped
To carry home his game—
A hunter, passing, shot him dead,
And down he whirling came.

And so it goes—all creatures prey,
The great upon the small ;
And man with his imperial sway
Makes victims of them all.

He dooms to death the struggling life
Of Earth and Air and Sea—
Proclaiming midst the ceaseless strife,
"All things were made for me."

But Nature no distinction makes
"Twixt highest types and germs—
And so proud man, in turn, she takes
To furnish food for worms.

The Lady of the Land

There is a lady in the land,
 She is very sweet and fair,
And she hath a lily hand,
 Which I should love to press;
 But her air
Is so stately, and she mocks at my distress
 With a manner *debonair*;
As though she had a queenly right
To dash my eyes with royal light,
And stare to death my happiness.

Yet there are times when she will change,
 And gaze into mine eyes
 With an earnest, sad surprise,
Whilst I hold my quivering breath:
 Then 'twill seem as though she gazed
Down my fancy's wildest range,
 Till, angrily amazed
At the love that blossoms there,
Her eyes hurl back a scornful glance
That stabs me like a fiery lance
 Of an angel bright and fair;
And I know a sudden death
 Of every feeling save despair.

But what cares she, so cold and proud,
Whether I live or die?
I am naught to her
But a single one in a mighty crowd;
A neglected worshipper—
Who hopeless bows before a shrine
Till his eyes grow dim
As though with wine;
Till his swelling heart is heard to beat,
Not with pleasure soft and sweet,
But with a burning passion heat
That withers it to the core:
Yet though she should jeeringly mock at my fate,
And shadow my name with her blackest hate,
I shall love her for evermore.

To Melanie

Written in an Album.

Perchance upon some summer day,
When lively friends are far away,
You'll wander by a shady brook
And stop within some verdant nook,
And, gazing on the sweet wild flowers
(Those gems that deck this world of ours),
You'll say, "I doubt there's aught so bright
As blooming flowers to the sight."
In fancy now I see you glance
Upon the glassy stream's expanse,
And all at once is put to rout
That modest, unassuming doubt—
You blush to see reflected there
A human flower twice as fair.

Three Young Men

Three young men rode into the town,
Side by side as the sun went down;
Shook hands and parted to seek their rest,
And each to live as to him seemed best.

The first caroused with cards and wine,
Decked his harlots with jewels fine,
And laughed as he tossed his glass on high,
Nor recked, God help him, he had to die.

The second did naught but moan and pray,
Groan through the night and through the day—
He lived in fear, God help him, say I—
And only thought that he had to die.

The third enjoyed the goods he had,
Laughed with the gay and wept with the sad;
Nor ever forgot, God bless him, say I,
That he had to live and he had to die.

Yes, Wait

Dispatches State that There Are no Indications of a Decisive Battle Until After the Holidays.

Yes, wait until the Holy days
Are over till you turn,
With hardened heart and eyes ablaze,
To ravage and to burn.

The birthday of the Prince of Peace
Ye greet with clanging bells;
Yet, ere their joyous clamors cease,
Ye fight like infidels.

I see the battle leaders pray,
And, from the holy shrine,
Order their grenadiers to slay,
Their engineers to mine;

And while the hapless foeman die
By thousands on the plain,
They lift their suppliant voices on high
And mock the Lord again.

Far better that ye never dream
The Prince of Peace was born,
Than thus His gracious name blaspheme,
His teachings laugh to scorn.

The sacrilegious voice you raise
Is insult to His ear—
There's scoffing in your song of praise,
And murder in your prayer.

O most benign and blessed Lord,
Whose synonym is Peace,
Compel the sheathing of the sword,
And bid the slaughter cease.

After Dinner

Come, pass the bottle, let us deeply drink—
In former days I held it passing wise
To scoff at wine. Forsooth, my visions then
Were palpable. I saw them with my work-
day eyes.

But now the times are changed—I cannot see
Aught on the earth, or in the skies, divine;
My eyes are clouded and my heart is dull;
Beauty only comes to me through wine.

Three bottles do away with time and space,
And give me glimpses of a heavenly range
Where everything is real; no shadows are there
To mock our longings with perpetual change:
The roses' perfume, and the sunsets' tints,
The glories of the earth, and sky and sea,
The fleeting visions of our dreams are real,
Radiant with life which is eternity.

And tender thoughts are there personified,
And hope is dead, for what we wish is ours,
Light flows from all; the wandering rays
Shoot down to earth and give the hue to flow-
ers—

And Nature there has left no room for Art;
What we conceive is instant struck to life,
Each is the framer of his own bright realm,
Founded on love and free from care or strife.

The rounded earth which once I deemed so fair
Has lost its glories and its charms for me—
Glowing with wine I pierced the misty veil
That droops round Time and hides Eternity.
'Tis false that we must die before we see
The dazzling splendors of the world above:
The mists dissolve, the shadows flit away,
Before the radiance of a holy love.

And such a love I feel when, flushed with wine,
My grosser passions die or sink to rest,
Leaving my soul, untrammelled by the clay,
To seek its home, and for a time be blest.
So give me wine, and let the bigots rave;
I heed them not—my soaring spirit's free
To view the glories that they know not of—
Wine makes a new apocalypse for me.

Song: To _____

O the Spring is here and decks the year
With roses red and white;
The birds they sing, and the bells they ring,
And all the day is bright;
And the glowing stars,
In their golden cars,
Ride down the balmy night!

But the rose may blow, and burn, and glow,
And crimson all the Spring;
The bells may toll for a parting soul,
Or for a bridal ring;
But neither roses white nor red,
Nor clanging bells, nor stars o'erhead,
Can tempt me still to woe or wed,
Or love so slight a thing!

⑥ What Care I

O what care I for lilies pale
Or roses in their splendor?
My Love's the Flower of all the Earth,
So modest, sweet and tender;
She is the music of my life—
The rhyme to all my reasons,
Her beauty kindly Nature gave
To typify the Seasons.

The Spring-time blossoms on her cheeks,
In lilies and in roses,
And gorgeous Autumn's golden hue
Upon her hair reposes;
While Winter's snow is on her breast
In virgin, dazzling whiteness,
And Summer glows within her heart
In tropic warmth and brightness.

I sing her glory in the sun
That all the world may know it—
She illustrates a perfect poem
By some celestial poet.
So what care I for lilies pale
Or roses in their splendor?
My Love's the Flower of all the Earth,
So modest, sweet and tender.

Doubt

Suppliant eyes too tense for tears—

“Is there a God above?” she said;

Small wonder she raved, clutched close to her
breast

Her baby-boy lay dead.

Lilies will blow and lilies will fade,

And dim are the skies ere the stars are out—

And hid in the mist that clings to Faith

Is the mocking imp called Doubt.

Nature's Way

She moulds with dust thro' tears and strife,
Unheeding blood or pain,
And shapes the myriad forms of life
Death dooms to dust again.

She silent toils thro' ages vast,
Improving as she strives,
And pays for errors in the Past
A thousand million lives.

Yet as the endless chain revolves
Thro' Eons of distress,
Each round a human soul evolves
That makes for righteousness;

And so she works the Father's will,
By process of her own,
And moulds the forms with perfect skill
That kneel before the throne.

A Question

Ho, Tiger in the jungle! Ho, Serpent in the
grass;
Ho, Monkey in the tree-top! Strange things
have come to pass.

Here now is your descendant—the creature
known as Man—
To prove your strain is in him is doing all he
can.

He shows the Tiger's fierceness, he shows the
Serpent's guile—
And the antics of the Monkey he is playing all
the while.

From the Order out of Chaos, from the Cosmic
stir and fuss
Man emerges in the foreground as the *ridiculus*
mus—

Though it cannot be disputed that he towers
over all,
If his height is justly measured by the depth that
he can fall.

In the process of evolving—the unfolding from
within—

He appears the sole Resultant that is capable of
sin.

And he gabbles of the Future, tho' he breathes
with bated breath,

Losing half the joy of living in the craven fear
of Death.

For he claims he has developed, through the ages
as they roll,

What he names the Moral Nature and the in-
carnated Soul:

And the two gave birth to Conscience, which,
potent in its might,

Has promulgated edicts called the Laws of
Wrong and Right.

But this does not concern you, O Tiger—Mon-
key—Snake,—

As you have no Moral Nature there's no law for
you to break.

You have naught to do with battling for the Fu-
ture and the True,

The Prize-ring of the Present being quite enough
for you.

But man is growing restive and is making quite
a din,

As his pride is sorely wounded being forced to
call you Kin.

Tho' I cannot see the reason why *You* are held
to blame,
For it goes without denial that 'tis *He* that makes
the claim.

Tho' perhaps you would be willing, and as eager,
too, as He
To lop the human branches from your genealogic
tree—

For why vex the Coming Ages with Murder,
Lies, and Lust?
Better slumber, undeveloped, in the fiery Cosmic
Dust.

And the question now arises, who should growl
with greater vim,
He, for being your descendant—or you, for
breeding him?

'65 and '78

Commemorative of the generosity of the North to the South during the yellow fever epidemic of 1878.

The cannon's idiotic mouth
Had ceased its senseless roar;
Throughout the hamlets of the South
The sabres clashed no more.

Our heroes who had fought and died
Slept in their gory graves,
Nor saw their country crucified
By cowards and by knaves.

From North, and East, and West they came,
A hungry, ravenous horde,
More blasting than the midnight flame,
More ruthless than the sword.

And orphans' sobs and widows' cries
Resounded through the land,
And curses on our enemies
Were heard on every hand.

Their bayonets held us in the dust—
Enforced the victor's will;
In vain their arts—our stubborn hearts
Remained unconquered still.

The years rolled by—the Pestilence
Came like the curse of Fate,
And deadlier yet than bayonet
And blinder far than hate.

It smote the silver hair of age—
The baby at the breast—
And blasted with unreasoning rage
The bravest and the best.

And clouds of darkness and dismay
Blighted the Summer's bloom—
Shut out the splendor of the day,
And wreathed the South in gloom;

When, from the regions whence there came
The hungry, ravenous horde,
More blasting than the midnight flame,
More ruthless than the sword—

There flowed a stream of gifts untold
Like manna from above:
And words far dearer than the gold—
Of sympathy and love.

And dying men with glad surprise
Flushed red on brow and cheek,
And looked—with fever-smitten eyes—
The thanks they could not speak.

And women raised their wasted arms,
And called on Heaven above
To shield from sin, and ills, and harms
The enemies they love.

And hearts that armies could not win,
Love captured unaware;
His strategy was sympathy,
His weapon was a prayer.

And still from North and East and West
The bounteous stream was poured,
As free as Heaven to man forgiven,
As liberal as the Lord.

And orphans' sobs and widows' cries
Were heard on every hand,
And blessings on our enemies
Resounded through the land.

On every flower-scented gale,
On every stormy blast,
The Anthem rose, "God bless our foes—
They've conquered us at last!"

Sailed

Cease wringing of your helpless hands,
And dry your streaming eyes—
Obedient to the Lord's commands,
He sailed for Paradise.

Sailed in a boat of the sunset beams
Over the blue above,
Bound for the land of living streams
In the continent of Love.

Left this port of sighs and tears,
To return, oh! nevermore—
Left a host of earthly fears
To laugh on the heavenly shore.

Sailed with a smile on his guileless lips,
Away from this earthly sod—
Sailed away from the world's eclipse
To live in the light of God.

Haunted

Heart-curses on that shadow there
That glides upon my sight;
Why does it come with its streaming hair,
And its eyes still bright, with a great despair,
Blasting the breath of night?

It creeps about like a hideous thing
From the ghastly blue of hell,
And it laughs till all the chambers ring,
And I turn pale as a coward king
When he hears his own death-knell.

I fear you not, though your eyes are bright—
What care I for the dead?
Though I entered your room in the hush of night,
And stabbed your breast till the foamy white
Of your bosom turned to red.

I drank the blood of your paramour
The night that I shed your own;
You kissed the lips of a wretched boor—
You, with the charms of a Pompadour,
And the grace to sit a throne!

Back—back! and hide that horrid gash
That gapes on your bosom's white;
The gleam of your eyes is a crimson flash—
The thunder roars, I fall in the crash,
And die in your hated sight!

The Gospel of Beauty

Beauty dwelleth in the humblest thing!
The flower blooming in some lonely nook
Will preach a tranquil sermon to the mind;
And in the babbling of the summer brook,
When baby-waves grow garrulous as age,
Are heard dim stories of the long ago,
When fairies were not dead, and elfin-hosts
Stole out to dance upon the moonlit snow!

Beauty is everywhere! Those who see it not
Have clouded eyes, hearts fit for mould—
The warmth of beauty permeates the earth,
And only sin is drear, and bleak, and cold;
Men shut their eyes and cry aloud,
“ ’Tis dark as Erebus; there is no light!”
And so go groping, mole-like, thro’ the earth,
Shrouded in gloom, where everything is bright.

There are two ministries: The eyes can see
Things palpable, and not to be denied;
The spirit-sight streams on through sun-lit space,
And floweth heavenward in an endless tide!
The one can see the shivering stream of light
The trembling moonshine on some ruin throws,
The flush of rose leaves and the heart of buds;
The other *sees the perfume* of the rose.

Japan Lilies

Have you seen the Japan lilies,
In all their fire and bloom,
With their gorgeous crimson leaves
Flushed with the warmth of the South,
And their fainting sweet perfume?

The leaves are redder than blood,
And the white on the slender slips
Is like a tropic moonbeam
Sliding its thread of silver
Across my true love's lips.

The darling wears one of these lilies—
It burns on the snow of her breast:
And when she looks down, the light of her eyes
Strikes through the red, making sunset dyes
Glow on her bosom like eastern skies
When the sun goes down in the west.

The King's Whim

"What ho, within! what ho, I say! bring forth
the richest wine
That ever throbbed tumultuously the pulses of
the vine;
And let the goblets all be gold, and crusted thick
with gems,
That these, my guests, may take the cups for
kingly diadems.

"For now, my lords, I parcel out my royalty to
you;
And each that sits around this board shall be a
monarch, too;
So, when you drink your fill of wine, lay not the
goblets down,
But place them boldly on your heads, and wear
a kingly crown!

"And if there lurk among us all a foe that I
should dread,
The crown will grow rebellious, sirs, and topple
from his head!
Be wary, then, O gentlemen! Now fill your gob-
lets high,
And let us drink to Youth and Love—twin sisters
of the sky!"

They quaffed the sunny floods of wine, and then
stood bravely up,
And crowned themselves so merrily, each with
his jeweled cup;
A single moment thus they stood, when, with a
ringing sound,
The goblet that the monarch wore fell glittering
to the ground.

" 'Tis true, 'tis true," the King cried out, "I am
the traitor here!
Myself the only living thing that I have cause to
fear;
Pour out upon the thirsty sod this soul-destroying
wine,
I've been its victim long enough, and now it shall
be mine!

"And you, my noble gentlemen, betake you to
your rest,
For ere to-morrow's sun shall sink, with splendor
in the west,
I'll lead you forth with stainless plume, to revel
in the fight,
Where joy be with the bravest heart, and God
be with the right!"

What Happened

My love looked from the lattice,—
The lattice wreathed with green,—
And a fairer face in a lovelier frame
I trow was never seen.

My love looked from the lattice,
To read the stars in the skies;
But I read my fate by the softer light
That beamed from her azure eyes.

"I cannot fathom their meaning," she said,
"Or how they affect my life;
Or whether they tell of a peaceful lot,
Or betoken care and strife."

"O never heed the stars," I said,
"They have naught to do with thee;
O turn your eyes away from the skies,
To shine forever on me."

A sudden start—a tender glance—
And she gazed through the lattice bars,
And softly said, "My fate is there!
You must ask the shining stars."

"O the stars," I said, "are well enough
To deck the skies above;
But a star more fair than any there
Is the beautiful star of love."

But she shook her curls, so I cried to the stars,
"Shall this maid to me be given?"
O Love! O flame! an answer came,
And a star shot down from heaven.

Then a snowy hand was laid in mine,
And blossoms were plucked from the boughs—
There was ringing of bells and giving of alms,
And an interchange of vows.

A year has passed and the stars still shine,
But I swear as I look above,
That a star more fair than any there
Is the beautiful star of love.

My Friend

"His honor rooted in dishonor stands
And faith unfaithful keeps him falsely true."

—Tennyson.

My friend is a friend that is rarely seen—
A man with a dangerous depth of heart;
For if ever a love nestles down to the bottom,
Its wings are clipped, it can never depart.
With a regal mind and a regal soul,
My friend for years has not been strong:
Loving where love is a thing to be hid,
Loving where love is a grievous wrong.

Eight years back he came from college,
Hurried to me though the night was late;
Said he had loved for five bright years,
And that the morrow would settle his fate;
And I, not doubting my friend would win,—
What girl could refuse such a man as he?—
Gave him my hand with my heart in the palm,
And begged for a seat at his table for me.

Drearily, drearily, rained the rain,
As I sat by the fire, reading my book:
The door was opened, my friend came in—
A dire apocalypse shone in his look,

Writhe a tortured smile on his lips—
Bloodily clammy, and touched with foam—
And all the horrors of all the earth
Seemed to have made his face their home.

Wedded she was a week before ;
He told me the tale and away he went,
To bury his heart, if that might be,
In the far-off lands of the Orient—
Scarce a year gone, and back he was :
I looked in his face and saw the pain
Of one who wrestles with great despair,
And battles with deadly sin in vain.

Noble is he in all his life,
Save in the love he gives and receives :
His heart has clouded his royal mind ;
That their loves are pure, he firmly believes.
For love, like fire, he madly says,
Purifies all it dwells within,
Lighting the darkness of the shame,
And burning the stain from out the sin.

And so he prays that he may die
Ere time or change can mar his love,
Living as faithful to his sin
As angels do to the God above.
Save him, O Lord ! from his false, true heart ;
Dear, I know, he is to Thee,
Though wrapped in impurity, dreaming it pure,
And sinfully virtuous, bending the knee.

Lovers

O Lover! O Poet! sing me a song—
A song of my eyes and lips—
Till the rose turns pale with a secret dread
That my lips can boast of a deeper red,
And the sun that has lit the world so long
Shall glance at my eyes and hide his head,
And own to a fair eclipse.

O Maiden! your eyes are very bright
And your lips are wondrous red;
But never a song a poet can sing
Can make the sun hide his burning ring,
Or shine with a lesser light;
And the rose will flush blood-red in the spring
And glow when we are dead!

Wedded

He placed a golden wedding-ring
Upon her perjured hand—
To her it seemed a mark of love;
To me, a burning brand.

And the priest spoke out and joined the two,
For better or for worse;
But the blessing he said rang in my head
Like the muttering of a curse.

And now I walk the ways of life
With smiling lip and eye—
A dead hope buried in my heart,
A phantom hovering by!

And he can laugh with his gold-bought bride,
While I must weep and pray;
For the self-same fire that warms his heart
Is burning my life away!

The Picture

The picture's fair, but fairer far
I ween the lady's face;
For Art can but approximate
To Nature's perfect grace.

The picture tells of snowy brow
By auburn hair caressed;
The roses on her cheeks evince
The lily in her breast.

Her eyes—I cannot tell what hue
The angels to them brought;
But what had color still to do
With feelings and with Thought!

And Art, fair Nature's youngest child,
Here shadows forth such grace,
That though unknown, I can but choose
To love so fair a face.

As sunbeams lie upon the earth
That through the heavens dart,
So beauty pierces through my eyes
And rests upon my heart.

Damned

You tell me love is sweet,
But you lie;
There is a sting
Hid beneath his downy wing,
And his feet
Trample down the human heart,
Till the burning blood-drops start,
And you die.

I will tell you—she was fair,
Very fair;
Her eyes were soft and meek,
Yet prodigal of light;
And her hair
Hung in wavy masses low
On a brow as pure as snow;

And her cheek,
Soft and white,
Had been tinged with rosy light
By the spirit of a sunset
That had died for love of night!
I worshipped—I was weak—
I lost my self-control—
I clasped her jeweled hand—
And—but you cannot understand
How the waves of feeling roll
Till they overwhelm the whole;
How our passions are the daggers,
Stabbing reckless at the soul.

She is dead—so am I—
I cannot find her here—
There's no light, or air, or sky,
Only fear.
Time has ceased—'tis Forever.
We will never meet again—
All my dark, despairing pain
Will leave me never, never.

And she, who cursed me with deceit,
Even while I kissed her feet,
Is—can you tell me where?
She is in some other sphere,
And it may be she can hear,
Thrilling wildly on her ear,
My despair.

She will shudder in the dark—
She will crave but for a spark
To light her suffering soul on the darksome track
to me:
But she cannot find me here—
She must keep within her sphere,
And shudder on forever in her dark eternity.

Lost and Won

Why do the violets pale?
Why droop the lilies fair?
A woman has scoffed at purity,
And her breath is on the air.

A babe was born on a summer's morn,
When all the world was gay;
But the babe was dead ere the evening fled,
And a soul had passed away.

And fiends in hell rang a spirit's knell,
For they knew their work was done,—
The mother, wild, had slain her child,
And a soul was lost and won.

The Ring

I open wide my treasure box—
A golden circle greets my eyes:
Ah me! No wonder starts the tear,
No wonder that I sigh.

For in the boundary of that ring
Is all the joy of all my life;
'Tis what is left to me of her
I hoped to call my wife.

It could not be and I must tread
Alone my dark and desert way,
But yet the anguish has its balm—
December dreams of May.

Our names are graven in the gold—
I wonder if, in hours of glee,
She sometimes checks her rippling laugh
To turn a thought on me.

And picture to her mind the kiss
That heralded the ring she gave;
And ponder if I live and laugh,
Or slumber in my grave.

But what the pleasure or the good?
Why should she weep or even sigh?
Perhaps she feels the joy to live,
That I should feel to die.

I drop the ring and close the lid—
Would I could so shut out the Past;
For why recall so sweet a hope,
To claim a tear at last?

The Return

The glory of a radiant day
Is glistening in the grass;
The butterflies flit by the rose
And curtsy as they pass;
The jeweled-throated humming birds
Are quivering in the air,
While far away the mountains kneel
In one perpetual prayer.

A faint breeze blowing from the West
Came laden with perfume,
From purple plots of heliotrope
And orange trees in bloom;
And blent as in a dream, I hear
In this enchanted nook
The sorrow of the sobbing sea—
The gladness of the brook.

High on a limb the mocking-bird,
Exulting, trips along,
And flutters into ecstasy
And floods the fields with song;
The air with music palpitates
From mountain cliff to shore,
The sea alone makes mournful moan,
"No more! no more! no more!"

From alien lands my love comes back
On her predestined way;
Her gracious presence glads the earth
And glorifies the day;
No wonder laughs the happy brook—
Or sobs the jilted sea:
Across the foam, no more to roam,
My Own returns to me.

Oh! Fairer than the Lily

Oh! fairer than the lily
That grows beside the stream,
And brighter than the vision
That haunts a poet's dream,
Was the maiden that I worshipped
In my manhood's early glow—
Before the winter of my heart
Had touched my hair with snow.

The glances of her love-lit eyes
Were dearer far to me
Than the sunlight to the daisies
That blossom on the lea;
The music of her gentle voice
Made melody so sweet,
The lark would leave the dappled skies
To nestle at her feet.

Oh! faded is the lily
And frozen is the stream,
And vanished is the vision
That blessed the poet's dream;
And not a daisy lifts its face
From off the barren lea,
Save one that blooms upon her grave
To mark the spot for me.

Retrospection

(January 1, 1860.)

God's hand has planted another year
In the fruitful soil of Time—
To the tragic poem of human life
Is added another rhyme.
And I sit here in a stranger town,
Widowed of all the joy
I used to feel at the glad New Year
When I was a little boy.

'Twas only a few brief years ago,
Telling the days that are dead,
But it seems to me like a century,
Counting the hopes that have fled,
Since my heart, like the gold of Parvaim,
Was free from all alloy—
Oh! brighter than Heaven seems now, was earth,
When I was a little boy.

I've wandered, restless as the wind,
Through many a foreign land,
And plucked the pleasure buds of earth
From Clyde to Samarcand;
But found no flower pure from blight,
No sweet that did not cloy—
Oh! never a canker cursed a bud
When I was a little boy.

I've found the wisdom that's born of Pain,
The sorrow that comes with years;
And paid the price that Adam paid
For knowledge—and for tears;
But I've lost my faith in Friendship's vow,
And Love's a broken toy;—
I used to trust in Mother—and God,
When I was a little boy,

Oh! sadder than death is the bitter change
In the trusting heart of youth—
Better believe in a wholesome lie
Than forever doubt the truth.
What care I now for Arthur's fame,
Or the ten years' siege of Troy?—
The heroes are myths that I used to love,
When I was a little boy.

'Tis true that memories are mine
Unutterably bright,
But like the stars, they shine above,
And only prove 'tis night;
And the darkness is quick with tempting fiends
Luring to destroy—
I used to live in the light of God,
When I was a little boy.

It may be true, and I hope it is,
That death will end the pain;
That on the shores of another world
I'll be a child again,
And feel, with fullest Love and Faith,
The olden, golden joy,
That came of my trust in Mother—and God,
When I was a little boy.

Love's Artifice

Love aimed at me a shining dart
With which to pierce my quivering heart,
But I escaped his careless aim,
And still my heart remained the same.
The little god another drew,
But from the mark away it flew;
Another and another sent,
Until his arrows all were spent—
While I was laughing at the arts
By which I 'scaped his cruel darts.
The wily god then set a trap
And caught me by a strange mishap.
He made a net of hopes and fears,
And twined it round with smiles and tears,
And placed within it as a prize
The loving light of Clara's eyes.

I saw the bait so tempting shine,
And thought to make the illusion mine,
And heedless of the dangers there
I thoughtless rushed into the snare;
The hopes and fears then clasped me tight,
But far above me gleamed the light,
And O, my heart beat quick to see
It shone on every one but me.
I writhed, and in an angry pet
I strove to break the treacherous net,
But all in vain: it held me fast,
And I a captive am at last.

Little Clara

She is sweeter than the violets
That blow in hidden places;
And brighter, too, than star or dew,
More graceful than the graces.
I cannot doubt she came to me
To be my special teacher,
And show me truths I failed to learn
From any earthly preacher.

I care no more for musty tomes,
The relics of the ages—
Her wisdom, fresh from God, exceeds
The wisdom of the Sages.
The secret hidden from our eyes
Her finer sense discloses,
Translates the song the sky-lark sings
And reads the heart of roses.

For her the Fairies come and go,
Obedient to her wishes—
And whisper of the hidden haunts
Of birds and beasts and fishes.
She hears the murmur of the Elves
From forest—glades and mountains—
Communes with Dryads in the trees,
And Naiads in the fountains.

But thrice the silver orange buds
Have burst in starry flowers,
Since from the Heavenly Land she came
To bless this home of ours.
The light the Father's presence lent
Still lingers on her features—
The stainless glow by which we know
His unpolluted creatures.

Her laughter soft as rippling rills
Dispels my present sorrow—
Her fearless glance of innocence
Gives courage for the morrow.
The power with which she sways my life
Is holy and inherent—
Reverses facts—makes me the child,
And her the guiding parent.

Tell Tale

"Parrot to sell!" cried the sailorman,
And held up the battered cage;
His eyes were bright and his hands were coarse,
And he spoke in a tone that was strained and
hoarse,
As clogged with the dregs of great remorse,
Or unrelenting rage.

I paid the price and the sailor sped;
And this is what befell:
I hung the bird at the side of my bed,
And rubbed his beak and scratched his head;
In voice like the sailor's voice, he said,
"My anchor is sunk in hell!"

A single moment the bird was still,
And me he solemnly eyed;
Then gave a shriek so loud and shrill,
It seemed with its agonizing thrill
A dart of Death from the parrot's bill,
And "Spare me, spare me!" cried.

That piercing cry of a parting life
Thro' all my being ran,—
And told a tale of bitter strife—
A jealous fool—a pleading wife—
A vengeful thrust—a crimson knife—
And a wandering sailorman.

And I think that clearly I can see,
And truthfully can tell,
Why the bright-eyed man with hands so coarse
Should speak in a tone of rage or remorse,
And the parrot cry in a voice as hoarse,
"My anchor is sunk in hell!"

At Galveston

(1865.)

We parted, Sweet, some weeks ago
In pleasant summer weather—
You blamed the Fates that you and I
Could not remain together.
“Take this,”—my love, you gave a kiss,—
“Let not this parting vex us ;
I’ll win Papa’s consent at home
And you’ll win wealth in Texas.”

So swelling up with love and hope,
I went off like a rocket ;
Your kiss still moist upon my lips,
Your likeness in my pocket.
I dreamed of you both day and night
Upon my lonely journey,
And gazed each passing hour upon
That picture made by Gurney.

I traveled many a weary day
By land as well as water ;
“Tho’ sore dismayed thro’ storm and shade”
(Vide Lord Ullin’s daughter),
I pushed ahead and reached at length
This famous Island City.
I looked about but could not find
That Temple—more’s the pity !

(124)

That Temple—Fame's you know—of which
We read in song and story,
And where you bade me write my name
Among the sons of Glory.
"O carve it, love," you proudly said,
"By Shakespeare and by Dante"—
The name *is* carved, but oh! 'tis nailed
Upon a wooden shanty.

And underneath is writ, that I,
Your lover and your poet
('Tis painted on a six-foot sign,
That all the world may know it),
Will sell for cash (the thing will out—
It is, indeed, of no use
That I shall try to hide the fact)
All kinds of Western Produce.

I know, my love, you'll feel quite shocked,
But why should this thing fret us?
We'll dream the syrup that I sell
Is honey from Hymettus—
The flours I offer to the trade
We'll claim as spotless flowers,
That came, not from St. Louis mills,
But from Parnassian bowers.

The bacon piled up in the store
(Extracted all the bone is)
We'll say was made from that rude boar
That slew the fair Adonis.
The whiskey—"Guzzler's Best"—I ship
Away from here to Melicon,
Was drawn—we'll fancy so at least—
From out the springs of Helicon.

Enough! enough! I give it up!
'Tis literary treason,
And violates the stainless Nine
As well as rhyme and reason,
To mingle Grocery men among
The brilliant *litterati*,
And use Parnassian flowers to deck
Fat hogs from Cincinnati.

The truth is, love, this age of ours
Indignantly refuses
To take in payment of our debts
The products of the Muses:
'Twould seize upon the Graces Three
And put the jades to ginning—
The Fates it tolerates, because
The hags are always spinning.

And so lest I be deemed a drone,
And be by men forsaken,
I hide my harp from prying eyes
And deal in Pork and Bacon;
I talk with eager business men,
Of trade and current prices,
Of Egypt, too—the cotton there—
But not a word of Isis.

'Tis twelve o'clock, I must to bed—
Adieu, my blue-eyed blessing!
Think not because I deal in Pork
My love's not worth possessing;
Sleep softly—deep within my heart,
Despite the scoffer's scorning,
I'll keep a place for Poesy
And dream of you till morning.

Life Prisoners

Life prisoners we, from our earliest breath
Shut out from our great estate—
No way of escape, but the way of Death;
No chance to juggle with Fate.
Two gaolers guard our prison bounds,
Unwearied day and night—
One viewless, goes his ceaseless rounds;
One steadfast, stays in sight.

But beyond our cramping prison-wall
And beyond our gaolers' ken,
There's a home in the heart of the gracious All
For the mourning sons of men;
And the court we pay to the silent twain
Is waste of weary breath—
No words can loosen the gaolers' chain
Save the stern command of Death.

They both from immemorial age
Their silent vigils keep,
Tho' we catch a glimpse of our heritage
Thro' the open door of Sleep;
But captives all from the hour of birth
Are the helpless human race—
Our prison home is the whirling Earth;
Our gaolers, Time and Space.

Murder Done

(Nicaragua.)

There at the window, glowing with love,
And bright as the evening star,
Anita hearkened—innocent dove—
To Pietro's light guitar.

He sang a song so sweet and clear,
So full of Nature's grace,
The mocking-bird thought a rival near,
And ruffling flew at his face.

A shadow crept thro' the orange trees,
A flash of steel—a groan—
A frantic shriek on the midnight breeze—
And silence reigned alone.

With a cross at his head, Pietro bides—
Anita tears her hair
In a maniac's cell: the slayer hides—
In his swamp-encircled lair;

While high in the dark magnolia tree,
Like a feathered imp in the sun,
The mocking-bird tells with frantic glee
Of midnight murder done.

A Song That Has No Ending

Down in the valley stealeth
A silver stream along;
And as it glideth onward
It rippleth into song.

It singeth a mournful ditty
Of the time that used to be,
Ere it left the verdant mountain
To flow to the dreary sea;

Ere it left the bright-eyed blossoms
That grow on the mountain height,
To wander down the valley
'Mid the ghostly shadows of night;

Ere the dove that flew o'er its bosom,
White as the drifted snow,
Had changed to the ghostly raven
In the gloom of the valley below.

The stream is melancholy,
And sings of what used to be,
But ere the song is ended
It is lost in the dreary sea.

On _____

The Spring-time flowers given by thee
Have yet another grace
Than that of Nature's—they recall
Thy tender, April face.

The incense they to Heaven yield
Is offered up as free
And pure and fresh as is the love
I tender, sweet, to thee.

And while upon the flowers I gaze,
In truth I see them not—
'Tis thou, not they, that charms my eyes
And claims my every thought.

I know when they have drooped and died
Thou still will blooming be :
The beauty dead, the sweetness fled,
Lives ever, love, in thee !

Perhaps

O, who can tell what mystery
Deep in the heart of flowers lie?
Perhaps beneath their leaves may steal
The passion and the pains we feel.
The tender blushes of the rose
May some forbidden love disclose;
And in the secret of her leaves
Perchance o'er broken vows she grieves;
And when the morrow steals her breath,
May she not feel the pangs of death?
And when upon the ground she lies
Perhaps she blossoms in the skies,
A radiant rose that never dies.

Woe

Weep! Weep! Weep!
And tear your yellow hair;
Plough with your nails your hollow breast
And writhe in your despair;
You have broken the goblet of Faith,
And its sacramental wine
Is a crimson curse upon your soul
That offends the eye Divine.

Weep! Weep! Weep!
You are staggering under a frown;
The illicit love that sits on your heart
Is weighing your life-blood down.
You have broken a holy vow
Made in the face of God,
And laughed to scorn the Grace of Him
Who the burning ploughshare trod.

Weep! Weep! Weep!
For a hell is in your soul;
But your tears can never quench the fire,
Nor all the oceans that roll
Can ever cool the heat at your heart
Or quiet your throbbing head,
Tho' you played the wanton with the waves
And laid in their briny bed.

Weep! Weep! Weep!
Ho! where are your jewels now?
Can they hide the brand Dishonor had left
Glaring upon your brow?
You bartered your soul for gems,
Your honor you basely sold,
But the fire that burns in your quivering heart
Would melt the coveted gold.

Weep! Weep! Weep!
You are yoked to Fear and Death;
Living, you hear the voice of Hate,
A curse with every breath—
And dying, the fiends will mock you
On the couch where you shuddering lie,
And torture your soul with hellish mirth
While they wait for you to die.

Victory

The crowning prize men seek,—I sought;
My joys I gave away: my pain I bought,
Paying for sorrow with the coin of thought.

At last triumphant, all my strivings cease—
I grasp, in death, the spirit's Golden Fleece,
And life is crowned with everlasting Peace.

The Lily of Monte Rey

Out of the church a motley throng,
In rustic finery clad,
Came trooping along with jest and song,
And faces merry and glad.

The Padre that morn had joined the two,
The pride of the young and gay—
Manuel, the patriot, tried and true,
And the Lily of Monte Rey.

A clatter of hoofs,—a rattle of swords,—
And riding with loosened rein,
A ribald troop of the vengeful hordes
That follow the flag of Spain,

Came sweeping down on the frightened crowd,
Like vultures fierce and wild;
And hacked and thrust with curses loud,
At man and woman and child.

And Manuel fell with cloven head—
But the lovers were not to part,
For Inez's wedding robe was red
With the blood of her virgin heart.

And side by side in a double grave,
In their gory bridal array,
Sleep Manuel, the patriot brave,
And the Lily of Monte Rey!

The Beaten Track

For sixty years I have trod the path
In storm and shine;
I know it well—
But where it endeth, peace or wrath,
Heaven or hell,
None can divine,
No guide posts tell:
But this I know, bright eyes grow dim and wet
For vanished hopes, and every turn's beset
By a sad spectre men have named Regret.

Why Not

The daffodils
Dance on the hills
And curtsy to the sun.
Live but a day,
Yet seem to say:
"My Lord, Thy will be done!"

Then why not I,
Not born to die,
More vital than the sun,
Enjoy each day,
And trusting say:
"Dear Lord, Thy will be done?"

Anonymous

The brightest crown that Woman wears
Is not upon her brow—
The purity that sanctifies,
She cannot boast of now;
But tender traits of womanhood
Which never can depart
Are born of loving words and deeds
Conceived within her heart.

Why should we then with vandal hands
Deface a ruined shrine?
Or strip from off the altar-stone
The tendrils of the vine?
Better permit the pitying leaves
To hide the sad decay;
Perchance 'twill grow a beauteous thing
When Time has passed away.

But ah! the world will never heed
The warning of our Lord,
"Judge not lest ye be judged," He said
Unto the wondering horde;
No mercy will it show to those
Of innocence bereft;
But Christ defying, stone to death
Whatever good is left.

The Flag

Up with the banner of the Free!
Its stars and stripes unfurl,
And let the battle-beauty blaze
Above a startled world.
Amid the flags of other lands,
Triumphant in the sun,
It guards beneath its ample folds
The Freedom it has won.

That flag with constellated stars
Shines ever in the van!
And, like the rainbow in the storm,
Presages peace to man;
For still amid the cannon's roar
It sanctifies the fight,
And flames along the battle-line
The emblem of the Right.

It seeks no conquests, knows no fear,
Cares not for pomp or state;
As pliant as the atmosphere—
As resolute as Fate.
Where'er it floats, on land or sea,
No stain its honor mars,
And freedom smiles, her fate secure
Beneath its steadfast stars.

That's All

Lilies and roses!
Lilies and roses!
Man in his youth—
In the sunlight of truth,
When heaven uncloses—
With his eyes on the skies
Dreamily lies
On his lilies and roses.

Nettles and thorns!
Nettles and thorns!
Man in his manhood
Sorrows and mourns—
Girt with regrets
He rages and scorns—
Tosses and frets
On his nettles and thorns.

In the dark earth at last!
The book of the past
Fate silently closes.
No longer he mourns—
No longer he frets—
Nothing he scorns,
Nothing regrets;
But dreamless reposes
Under nettles and thorns—
Under lilies and roses!

POEMS RELATING TO THE WAR WITH
SPAIN.

Are We Going to Fight

Are we really at war? Are we going to fight?
Or argue about it from morning to night?
Is it simply a matter of derision and scoff?
The cannons are loaded, why don't they go off?

Do you think if Paul Jones were sailing the sea,
Or the army was headed by Grant or by Lee,
We would hear all this talk of a "peaceful block-
ade"—
Or waiting for Famine to come to our aid?

What's the matter with Miles? We know he will
fight.
'Tis the blade, not the scabbard, should gladden
our sight.
The warhorse is curbed when his head should be
free,
And a chain on the land holds our ships on the
sea.

Oh, the "peaceful blockade" and the "bloodless
campaign"

May serve to beleaguer the "castles in Spain,"
But the Morro still spits at our ships from afar
And jeers at the phantom the Yankees call war.

Burst the chains of the warships! Give Sampson
his way!

Let "Fighting Joe's" blade see the light of the
day,

And the flag of "Free Cuba" with "Glory" shall
blend—

The hotter the fight the sooner the end.

"Old Glory"

Song.

A song of the Flag and a song of the Free!
To be sung from the mountains clear down to the
 sea;
From the cliffs of Old Maine to the Gulf's level
 shore
Let the starry Flag flutter—the black cannons
 roar!
For the hearts of the millions are throbbing as
 one,
In the light of "Old Glory"—our National Sun!

Chorus.

For there's nothing in song or in story,
 There's nothing on land or on sea
That can vie with the fame of "Old Glory,"
 The flag of the Fearless and Free.
The stars had their birth when our freedom be-
 gun:
Tho' many be blazing, their light is as one.
The red stripes are dyed with the blood that was
 shed,
That the living forever should honor the dead!
And the white ones are pure as the liberty won
'Neath the folds of "Old Glory"—our National
 Sun!

[Chorus.]

(143)

And whether it floats o'er the land or the main
In flaunting its folds in defiance of Spain,
Its splendor will never depart from the Stars
While there's blood in the veins of our soldiers
and tars!
And the people shall see when the battle is done,
"Old Glory" still blazing—our National Sun.

[Chorus.]

Yes or No

Are women being starved to death on Cuba's
tropic shore?

Are babies being shot and stabbed, left weltering
in their gore?

Are we to stay the assassin's hand, or let the
pirate go?

Are we not men, or only "pigs?" Just answer
yes or no.

Shall we avenge our sailor lads who perished on
the *Maine*,

Or keep our vessels on the sea to be police for
Spain?

Before we raise a righteous hand to smite the
dastard foe,

Shall we await the "Powers'" consent? Just
answer yes or no.

Why dally longer, doubting before the mocking
world?

Call out for Freedom's volunteers—let "Glory"
be unfurled!

Throw open wide the throttles, and let our war-
ships go,

And tell the earth in thunder tones our nation's
yes or no.

At Last

At last our banners brave the breeze—our war-
ships split the sea,
Proclaiming to a waiting world that Cuba shall
be free.

We may be rude, we are not used to curving of
the back;
We may be slow, but when we move there is no
backward track.

The shrieks of murdered women were sounding
in our ears;
The moans of famished children were blent with
Spanish jeers.
The taunts that we were "Yankee pigs," too das-
tardly to fight,
We bore with smiling patience, reliant in our
might.

At last the crowning insult came, the blasting of
the *Maine*;
The verdict is recorded, the act was thine, O
Spain!
And now we bare the avenging arm and draw the
righteous sword.
'Tis ours to render justice—be mercy Thine, O
Lord.

Fighting Joe Wheeler

In the days when the stars and the bars were up-
lifted,
And brothers in blood were opposed, man to
man,
The sword of Joe Wheeler was seen to be flash-
ing,
The foremost of all who were crowding the
van.

For thirty long years it has slept in its scabbard,
Rusting in peace with the old suit of gray;
But the Spaniards have flaunted defiance to
"Glory,"
And "Fighting Joe" Wheeler's once more in
the fray.

We are sons of the men who with Grant and with
Lee
Fixed the eyes of the world on the Gray and
the Blue;
They were enemies then, we are sworn brothers
now,
And we know what our fathers have done we
can do.

So, three cheers for Grant, boys, and three cheers
for Lee,
Their glorified spirits are with us to-day;
And we'll soon have the flag of free Cuba unfurled,
With "Fighting Joe" Wheeler in front of the
fray.

He is back from the war and fresh laurels are
twining
With those he has won in the days that are
passed;
While honor and valor are dear to the nation
His name will be cherished, his glory will last.
For whether in front of his dare-devils charging,
Or smoothing the brow of a death-stricken
man,
Where a foe's to be vanquished, a friend to be
aided,
There "Fighting Joe" Wheeler is found in the
van.

POEMS
RELATING TO THE CONFEDERACY.

The Lone Star Flag

(1861.)

Up with the Lone Star Banner!
Its hues are still as bright
As when its glories braved the breeze
At San Jacinto's fight;
Its fluttering folds in triumph waved
O'er many a gory brow,
The freedom that was conquered then
Will not be yielded now.

The honor of that Lone Star Flag
That flouts the blue above
Is held as dear by Texan hearts
As that of her they love.
And not a stain shall mar its hues
While yet a man remains
To save this flower-girdled land
From ignominious chains.

That banner with the Single Star
Is Freedom's favored sign—
Beneath its unpolluted folds
Her brightest glories shine;
And in the whirlwind and the storm,
Amid the crash and jar,
She fears no foe while floats aloft
That Solitary Star.

(149)

Stonewall Jackson

Not midst the lightning of the stormy fight,
Nor in the rush upon the Vandal foe,
Did kingly Death with his resistless might
Lay the Great Leader low.

His warrior soul its earthly shackles broke
In the full sunshine of a peaceful town :
When all the storm was hush'd, the trusty oak
That propped our cause went down.

Though his alone the blood that flecks the ground,
Recalling all his grand, heroic deeds :
Freedom herself is writhing with the wound,
And all the country bleeds.

He entered not the Nation's Promised Land
At the red belching of the cannon's mouth ;
But broke the House of Bondage with his hand—
The Moses of the South.

O Gracious God ! not gainless is the loss—
A glorious sunbeam gilds Thy sternest frown ;
And while his country staggers with the Cross
He rises with the Crown.

In Camp

A pleasant thing it is, reclining in my tent
 (Now dinner's done and nothing left to do
But watch with languid eyes the firmament,
 And puff my meerschaum at the dreamy blue),

To play the wizard with the dear, dead days,
 And call them from their violet-scented tomb;
To light my heart with resurrected rays
 And beautify it with remembered bloom.

And once again those tender, twilight eyes
 Deep with devotion,—such as long ago
Touched Raphael's heart with hints of Paradise
 And soothed the soul of Michael Angelo,—

Shine out from that dim past which stricken
 hearts
 Looked to for balm to ease them of their pain;
And lo! beneath their deep enamored darts
 My buried joys are touched to life again.

I feel the pressure of the warm red mouth,
 Rippling my soul with fragrant breaths of
 bliss—
While prodigal of sweetness as the South,
 Her lips speak love between each honeyed kiss.

And while I muse and in my heart rejoice,
Amid the glory of her golden hair,
There breaks upon my ear a sudden voice,
Of "Maryland! Stonewall Jackson's there."

From buried *Then* to the triumphant *Now*
My soul leaps back—and starting up, I see
A group of men with gladness on each brow,
And in their eyes the pride of victory.

"The Lord again has battled for the right,"
We said, while listening to the stirring tale
Of dashing valor and victorious fight
In Shenandoah's memorable vale.

And 'mid the bumpers we rejoicing drink
"To Stonewall Jackson and his fierce brigade,"
But scanty time, I ween, is left to think
Of sunny tresses and of star-eyed maid.

So, with a sigh, I fold within my heart
These tender memories—rose-leaves of the Past;
Perchance to find, when soul and body part,
The full fruition of my dreams at last!

The Extortioner

Gold is, in its last analysis, the sweat of the poor
and the blood of the brave.—*Joseph Bonaparte.*

The thunder of cannon is heard from afar,
And the people are rushing in haste to the war.
They burn with the fire that patriots feel
And are baring their breasts to the shot and the
steel;

They battle for Liberty, Honor, and Life,
For homestead, for sister, for mother, for wife:
He heeds not the tumult, he seeks but to save
The sweat of the poor and the blood of the brave.

O sweet to his ears is the click of the gold,
Tho' muffled by blood that encrimsons the mold;
And dear to his sight is the gold-dust, I ween,
Tho' the tears of the orphan have tarnished its
sheen.

His religion is based on Extortion and Greed,
With Mammon its God and Plunder its Creed:
His anchor of Hope is sunk in the wave
Of the sweat of the poor and the blood of the
brave.

Tho' Famine should stalk like a ghost thro' the
land

And women fall faint at the touch of his hand,
Tho' children with tears in their suppliant eyes
Should startle the air with their famishing cries,
Tho' they toil till the blood oozes forth with the
sweat,

The God which he worships he cannot forget:
Still heaping his shrine as he sinks to the grave,
With the sweat of the poor and the blood of the
brave.

Zallicoffer

First in the fight, and first in the arms
Of the white-winged angels of glory;
With the hearts of the South at the feet of God,
And his wounds to tell the story.

For the blood that flowed from his hero heart,
On the spot where he nobly perished,
Was drunk by the earth as a sacrament
In the holy cause he cherished.

In heaven a home with the brave and blessed,
And for his soul's sustaining
The apocalyptic eyes of Christ,
And nothing on earth remaining,

But a handful of dust in the land of his choice,
A name in song and story,
And fame to shout with her brazen voice,
"Died on the field of Glory!"

After Chiramauga

Wide staring eyes that could not see—
A broken sword in the grass—
And the squirrel dodged behind the tree
And waited for me to pass:

But I stayed to close the stiffening lids
Of my dead friend lying there,
And cut from his brow with my sabre's edge
A clotted lock of hair.

One-half I gave to his mother dear,
And hastened from her door
To his promised wife—but I came too late—
She was wedded the day before.

Perhaps the squirrel that dodged my sight
Was as fit to judge as I,
Whether fortune favored my faithful friend
When he fell in the grass to die.

Holk

A flash from the edge of a hostile trench,
A puff of smoke, a roar—
Whose echo shall roll from the Kenesaw hills
To the farthestmost Christian shore,
Proclaims to the world that the warrior priest
Will battle for right no more.

And that for a Cause which is sanctified
By the blood of martyrs unknown—
A Cause for which they gave their lives
And for which he gave his own,
He kneels a meek ambassador
At the foot of the Father's Throne.

And up in the courts of another world
That angels alone have trod,
He lives, away from the din and strife
Of this blood-besprinkled sod—
Crowned with the amaranthine wreath
That is worn by the blest of God.

Our Ship

All aboard for the port of the Free!
And every man sprang aboard
Who had any hope in the days to be
Or any faith in the Lord.

We cut her loose from the hulk where she lay,
And started her out to sea,
With never a chart of the perilous way
That leads to the port of the Free.

For three long years she has struggled and tossed
On the foam of the fiery sea,
And many a gallant sailor lost
On the way to the port of the Free.

She has felt the force of many a blow—
She has struck on many a rock—
But she plunges on as the echoes do
After the thunder shock.

We give no heed to crash and jar—
We fear not wave or wind—
Our eyes are fixed on a beacon star,
With never a look behind;

For better to sink in the surging sea
On our trackless, perilous way,
Than die of a moral leprosy
Chained to the hulk where we lay.

“But we yet shall reach the port of the Free,”
Cries every man aboard,
Who has any hope in the days to be
Or any faith in the Lord.

The Confederate Flag

Four stormy years we saw it gleam,
A people's hope—and then refurled,
Even while its glory was the theme
Of half the world.

A beacon that with streaming ray
Dazzled a struggling Nation's sight—
Seeming a pillar of cloud by day,
Of fire by night.

They jeer who trembled as it hung,
Comet-like blazing the sky—
And heroes, such as Homer sung,
Followed it to die.

It fell—but stainless as it rose,
Martyred, like Stephen, in the strife—
Passing, like him, girdled with foes,
From Death to Life.

Fame's trophy! Sanctified with tears—
Planted forever at her portal;
Folded, true: What then? Four short years
Made it immortal!

Memories of the Blue and Gray

(The following poem was read at the celebration of the second anniversary of the Confederate Veterans' Association at Los Angeles, September 25, 1897.)

We are gathered here a feeble few
Of those who wore the gray—
The larger and the better part
Have mingled with the clay:
Yet not so lost but now and then
Through dimming mist we see
The deadly calm of Stonewall's face,
The lion-front of Lee.

The men who followed where they led
Are scattered far and wide—
In every valley of the South,
On every mountain side,
The earth is hallowed by the blood
Of those who, in the van,
Gave up their lives for what they deemed
The sacred rights of man.

And you who faced the boys in blue
(When like a storm they rose),
And played with Life and laughed at Death
Among such stalwart foes,
Need never cast your eyes to earth
Or bow your heads with shame—
Though Fortune frown, your names are down
Upon the Roll of Fame.

The flag you followed in the fight
Will never float again—
Thank God it sunk to endless rest
Without a blot or stain!
And in its place "Old Glory" 'rose
With all its stars restored;
And smiling Peace, with rapture, raised
A pean to the Lord.

We love both flags—let smiles and tears
Together hold their sway;
One won our hearts in days ago—
One owns our love to-day.
We claim them both with all their wealth
Of honor and of fame—
One lives, triumphant, in the sun;
And one, a hallowed name.

A few short years and "Yank" and "Reb,"
Beneath their native sod,
Will wait until the Judgment Day
The calling voice of God—
The Great Commander's smile will beam
On that Enrollment Day,
Alike on him who wore the blue
And him who wore the gray.

The Confederate Cross of Honor

As even a tiny shell recalls
The presence of the sea,
So gazing on this Cross of bronze
The Past recurs to me.

I see the Stars and Bars unfurled,
And like a meteor rise
To flash upon the startled world,
A wonder in the skies.

I see the gathering of the hosts,
As like a flood they come—
I hear the shrieking of the fife,
The growling of the drum.

I see the tattered Flag afloat
Above the flaming line—
Its ragged folds, to dying eyes,
A token and a sign.

I see the charging hosts advance—
I see the slow retreat—
I hear the shouts of victory—
The curses of defeat.

I see the grass of many fields
With crimson life-blood wet—
I see the dauntless eyes ablaze
Above the bayonet.

I hear the crashing of the shells
In Chicamaugua's pines—
I hear the fierce defiant yells
Ring down the waiting lines.

I hear the voices of the dead—
Of comrades tried and true—
I see the pallid lips of those
Who died for me and you.

With back to earth, wherever raged
The battle's deadliest brunt,
I see the men I loved—thank God,
With all their wounds in front.

The many varied scenes of war
Upon my vision rise—
I hear the widow's piteous wail,
I hear the orphan's cries.

I see the Stars and Bars refurled,
Unstained in Glory's hand.
And Peace once more her wings unfold
Above a stricken land.

All this and more, this little Cross
Recalls to heart and brain—
Beneath its mystic influence
The dead Past lives again.

And friends who take a parting look
When I am laid to rest,
Will see, beside the Cross of Christ,
This Cross upon my breast.

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